

He tested his wrists and found himself unexpectedly well-bound. He gave Zoe an acknowledging toss of the head for her skill. Still smiling, he struggled on... Then his smug grin began to fade.

"Away in a trice was it?" Zoe smiled down at him, prettily.

He twisted his hands ineffectually and glanced dubiously at his bound ankles, finally realising escape was less than hopeful. "All right, y' showed me. Come on, let me free."

"Oh, I don't think so, Jamie. You knew exactly what you were in for." Zoe stepped closer, stopped, observing him. She opened another drawer, produced a short leather object - with a real jolt Jamie realised it was a riding crop - and inspected it for a long moment. She twirled it, watching the leather shine. And then she touched it to the collar of Jamie's shirt and stroked it down over his chest, his stomach.

He realised he was holding his breath when she lifted the crop and started to trace his contour instead, pausing at the hem of his kilt to dive teasingly underneath, to hike the tartan up, revealing more of his strong thighs. Zoe drew another line or two across him before withdrawing the object and inspecting it again.

He shut his eyes. How had he gotten himself into *this*? She'd been trying to tell him it would be fun to tie up one of their threesome, next time they felt like a romp. He'd scoffed at the idea of any knots of hers holding him for long. Bet her he could escape, in fact. He hadn't really paid attention to his end of the bet.

Her eyes were cold when they glanced into his... but seemed to hold a sparkle of the *proper* Zoe in them too. She couldn't really be serious about all this, could she? She'd let him go before this went too far.

She was bending the crop experimentally, swishing it through the air. Just when Jamie was sure what would be coming next, the door opened, and the Doctor walked in.

Jamie gave him a demanding look and all of his attention. "Am I glad to see you, Doctor! Zoe's gone right mad; get me out of this mess, will ye?"

"Oh... I don't think that would be fair to our Zoe," he said, unusually subdued, but with that same devious sparkle in his eye. "She got you there fair and square, you know. You agreed to this."

"Well may *be* but I didnae think she would - we would - actually - Oh hell...!"

Zoe had slipped out of her jacket. She was wearing nothing beneath. Smiling a little bashfully at the Doctor, a deep blush (fit to match Jamie's)

rising in her cheeks and ears, she offered him the crop. With a delighted little bow, he took it. Jamie's head dropped back into the pillow, defeated. The Doctor had sided with Zoe.

Jamie screwed his eyes shut and heard it sing through the air and land with a loud smack. But not on him. He peeked bravely through his lashes, and then his eyes and jaw fell open.

Zoe had slipped out of her trousers as well, and was leaning well over the bed, naked, watching him slyly. The Doctor swung, flicking his wrist, leaving a second pink mark next to the first on her smooth, pale rear. This time Zoe gasped, blinking huge, wet eyes. She was struck a third time, and Jamie noticed the way her breasts bounced with the impact, with her reaction. Her blush was deeper than ever. Her nipples were hard. So was he. And he couldn't *move*.

"Zoe," he hissed. "Let me go, Zoe? I cannae..." he flexed his wrists unhappily.

She smiled at him, while the Doctor stroked her backside soothingly with the cool leather. "What is it you can't do?"

*Smack.*

"Well, move, for one thing, y' daft..."

*Smack.*

"Say it right now, Jamie, and I'll let you go. What do you want to be free to *do*?"

*Smack.*

Jamie glanced up into the Doctor's eyes, already trained on his. But the Time Lord was giving away no secrets.

"Och, I don't know Zoe!"

"You may stop," Zoe addressed the Doctor, standing up again, her arse crisscrossed with pink and radiating heat. "Jamie?" She leaned forward and pressed her hand into the folds of his kilt, shoring up against his crotch and the huge, hard shape there, making him gasp. "You will not be touched." And the contact was gone.

"Wha...?"

The Doctor was giving him a knowing look, absently spinning the crop in his fingers. "You must obey her, you know," he explained. "If, that is, you don't want to be punished."

"Did I give you permission to speak?" Zoe snapped at him, her chest jutting out.

"No, Ma'am," he replied spritely.

She eyed him, her index finger absently tracing circles around her left breast, spiralling closer to its peak. This was going so well! She *knew* the Doctor would enjoy it. And Jamie, oh, he resisted so beautifully, and his eyes begged so prettily she could hardly stand it. She fought hard to keep her control up.

Jamie was struggling again. "Creag an... Zoe, *please*..."

But Zoe wouldn't budge, her small mouth set in a hard... soft... curvy line. "You'll be touched when I say you'll be touched, Mister McCrimmon."

"Och, it's *Jamie*..."

She gave him a cold look, her eyes wandering down his body till they rested on his kilt. "You'll not answer back again, Mister McCrimmon," she said, gingerly taking the hem of the kilt and slowly exposing him. His jaw worked a little, staring into her cool and somehow mesmerising eyes. She dropped the folds of tartan over his belly and stepped back. "If you do I shall put my jacket back on."

"Oh my word," The Doctor said with quiet glee, in the background. Zoe broke for a moment and grinned adorably before she could fight it down. Jamie *did* look rather wonderfully inviting.

Jamie looked slightly conflicted, his eyes drifting over Zoe's perfect, perky breasts and their pale rose nipples. They weren't Victoria's... Whose were? ...but they *were* lovely, and he wanted to touch them just as much. His fingers flexed.

Jamie bared his teeth and balled his hands up into fists in frustration. He would have shouted to ask the point of all this, if only doing so wouldn't make the breasts go away.

Zoe had returned to the Doctor, and was smiling to herself as she unbuttoned his shirt, and.. oh what now.. his trousers. Jamie watched in blank enthrallment as she slipped inside the Time Lord's coat, her arms around his waist. He thought he caught sight of something pressed up against Zoe's soft stomach as she stretched up to kiss the Doctor sweetly. It made his heart flutter.

Zoe's heart was steady but her knees had gone slightly weak. They always did, over the Doctor. He was just too amazing. It was like having a crush on

the whole night sky, and one day finding it could love you back.

She moved her arms to his neck, her hands small and strong on his back. The Doctor's hands were slipping over her slim shoulders, fingertips down her back, palms again, stroking down and around her wonderfully curvy arse, and then he was getting a solid hold under her thighs and lifting her with a smooth little jump. With another unsuppressed grin she hooked her legs about his waist.

"Ach! It's no fair! I cannae fackin' move!"

"Do shut up, Jamie," Zoe gasped, the Doctor nipping happily at her breasts. "You only... get to watch!"

"*What?*"

"At first, Jamie, only at first," the Doctor reassured him, glancing up from Zoe's perky chest.

"Right, right," Jamie recalled, scowling. He'd been so sure he'd be able to get out of Zoe's knots!

Zoe lifted the Doctor's face the rest of the way out of her bosom and kissed him once again, adjusting herself a little, her tongue sliding daringly between the Doctor's cool lips. He said her name and moaned softly as she tilted her hips, teasing him. Then she shifted her grip and he let her sink down onto him, that amazing heat.

Jamie watched them, tears of want wetting his eyes. Those short fingertips of the Doctor's, nearly hidden in his sleeves, pressing dimples into Zoe's thighs. Glimpses of him disappearing into Zoe, who gasped like some faerie creature, letting her head fall back in joy. The Doctor's low wistful voice, muttering cries, mumbling her name.

The Doctor turned and let her fall onto the foot of the bed, between Jamie's legs, forcing a little excited cry out of the tech girl, her ankles coming unlinked. Bracing a hand in the sheets, Zoe looked up to see his gaze locked on Jamie's face, and gave a silent giggle.

The Time Lord got a fresh grip on his young companion and yanked her to him. She yelped. Jamie gasped, her soft bob of hair trailing over his thighs. The sight of the boy's mouth falling so shamelessly open fanned the blaze to an inferno. He pulled Zoe's heavenly body to his again and again, listening to her bright cries, his eyes still trapped by the sight of Jamie's almost angrily wanton face.

Zoe's fingers applied pleasure to herself. She sighed a little, trying to feed

that blaze that she knew she had in her. The Doctor's voice settled warmly over her. "I want to see you fall over the edge, Zoe," he said. "I want you to see stars."

Stars! Zoe's eyes clamped shut and her mind's eye was full of stars, the view from the Wheel. The view that had made her want to cry with its beauty the first time, tears that might prove she was a real live girl. She was so close! "Doctor," she begged, and he picked up his pace, driving into her, looking quite amazingly sexy and disheveled with his shirt hanging open.

"Zoe," Jamie's constricted voice pleaded, "I'm *so hard*... Let me go, I'll show the Doctor how it's done - I'll shag you rotten!"

"Oh, will you now?" the Doctor retorted, pushing hard into Zoe and staying there, turning on his Time Lord charms. He watched her toss her head, enjoying the pressure, her delightful hands going berserk. He dragged his thumbs over her rosy and very erect little nipples. "Come for me, Zoe," he said, his voice raw silk.

Zoe caught her lip between her teeth, let it go again, her lips parting to let out a soft "Oh!"

Jamie knew that sound. It drove him half mad with lust. He pulled valiantly at his wrists.

The Doctor looked downright devious, watching Jamie struggle even as Zoe trembled around him, as he helped her ride out her pleasure with gentle strokes.

Eventually Jamie slumped back against the bed, his face the very picture of disappointment. "Och, Zoe..."

She pushed the small Time Lord away; he stepped obediently back. Moving to the head of the bed, she bent down into her fellow human's face. "Don't worry, Jamie. You'll soon have the chance to make someone come."

She grinned again despite herself at the obvious effort it took for Jamie to tear his eyes off the Doctor, who was just standing there beaming and rubbing one of his thumbs over the other, with a big shiny cock poking out of his trousers. "Eh?" the boy managed.

Zoe went into her drawer again and pulled out an odd looking little harness that smelled of rubber. She slipped it on like a pair of underpants, fussing gingerly for a moment, getting the tight straps over her abused backside. She turned around to face the bed.

Jamie closed his eyes, his head sinking into the pillow. "Lass," he said in defeat, "I always thought y' had a mighty pair o' stones. I should ha' known you had a tadger to go with 'em."

"And a lovely shade of blue it is, too," the Doctor observed. She shushed him.

"I'm letting you go, Jamie. You must continue to obey my commands. Doctor, I'm sure we can rely on *your* self control."

He nodded happily. "Oh, quite, quite."

Zoe released the young man's ankles and wrists. For a moment she thought for sure he was going to pounce on her and damn their little games, but she confidently barked her orders all the same.

Jamie blew out a deep breath and cast a cool look down his nose at her, his lips pressed together. He climbed off the bed, making room for Zoe to sit on the side. He knelt between her legs, one knee up, the kilt bunched around his waist to show off his inner thigh. The sight of the Doctor leaning to the side to get a better view almost made him roll his eyes in tolerant amusement.

"Go on, then," Zoe prompted, gesturing to her petite, candy-clear member. "Suck it."

"What?" Jamie scoffed. "Wha' the hell for?"

"Because I should like to see you do it," Zoe informed him, the ice princess once again.

"So should I," the Doctor said, in the background.

"Och, fine. An' you're bullies, the pair o' ye," the young Scot said. He put his hands on Zoe's soft white thighs and felt immediately more in control. Her little device reminded him more of an icicle than anything else, anyway. Giving her another insouciant look, he leaned slowly down and licked its blunt tip.

If not for Zoe's presence, the Doctor would have called Jamie his tomcat. As it was, he only sighed a little, watching the boy's pink tongue slide over the toy, watching those familiar lips seal around its translucent girth.

Jamie met the Doctor's eyes and stared sidelong into them, leaning forward until his nose brushed Zoe's belly. He moved his tongue over the springy surface of the toy in surprise. It wasn't cold like an icicle, but it was melting. He swallowed and tasted thick sweetness. One of his hands dragged closer over her inner thighs, making her shiver. Fellating her little toy, he brushed

his knuckles between her legs. He slipped a pair of fingers gently inside her, rubbed her, made her moan and rock her hips, driving the phallus into his mouth. He heard the Doctor give a little longing cry.

Zoe ordered him up off the floor. With a pretty good idea of the plan now, he climbed onto the bed. Zoe kissed him hotly, breathing warm moans against his mouth. Then she ordered him to his hands and knees facing the Time Lord, and took up position behind him.

The Doctor grinned at Zoe, and she smiled at the floor. She always catered to him so sweetly. He rather got the impression that she had made it her hobby, getting those looks of helpless want onto his face. Looks like the one Jamie was giving him now, begging silently for him to come and touch the boy's contact-starved hardness. And he wanted to, oh how he wanted to. But he was hardly going to spoil Zoe's game now. Patience was a Time Lord's strong suit.

She bunched Jamie's kilt up out of the way, licking her thumb and rubbing him, nudging him, then guiding the cool, slick end of her accessory against him, inside him.

The Doctor watched Jamie's eyes squeeze shut, his well-kissed lips part. He rubbed the palms of his clasped hands together, resisting the urge to touch, and wondered if he was blushing as hard as his friends were. It certainly felt like it.

Jamie shut his eyes, feeling her rock into him, slipping deeper, till Zoe's hips were flush against him. Hands on his hips, she fucked him gently, too gently. "Come on, Zoe!" he complained, "Please! Can't y' just bugger me properly?"

"That mouth again, Mister McCrimmon," Zoe admonished, pulling out and away, sliding off the bed to the tune of his frustrated growl. "Doctor," she intoned, "You will give Mister McCrimmon the proper buggery he cannot keep quiet about."

"I'm afraid that's not going to help him keep quiet," the Doctor warned, shucking off his shoes. Zoe tried to give him a warning look, but a smile broke through it. He pretended not to notice, getting comfortable on the bed and calling Jamie to his side.

Jamie kissed him at once, the built-up desire plain in his desperate mouth, and he was hard pressed to keep up. The boy's hand closed around him. He let a few strokes by in warm bliss before pushing Jamie's hand away, rolling over him, the boy's strong legs hooking easily over his shoulders.

He would never recover from this boy, he thought, looking down on Jamie,

bent nearly in half beneath him.

"Are y' fuckin' or sightseein'?" Jamie begged, flexing his knees in impatience. "I'm no painting, you know. I'm a live boy who needs his arse plowed!"

"Oh, I see," the Doctor said patiently. He rubbed himself boldly over Jamie's slick entrance. "It's this you need?"

"Aye, that and perhaps a bit of love from Zoe," he fired back with great willpower. It took everything he had not to buck desperately into that pressure.

"You'll be touched when I say you'll be touched," Zoe reiterated, setting aside the strap-on and putting away the forgotten riding crop. "Doctor, you will obey your orders. Now."

"Tell me, Jamie," the Doctor murmured.

"Och, y're killin' me..."

"Tell me."

"Want you."

"*Jamie*," he breathed, leaning down, pushing inside the boy, so hot and slick, so tight, so full of soft cries, he half expected the White Guardian to strike him dead.

Jamie cried out, a growling moan, his hands flying to the bed's corner posts and gripping them tight. He pushed back against the Doctor, feeling him sink deep, wanting him deeper. He'd never been so aroused. Maybe there was something to Zoe's pain-in-the-arse game after all. Even if he was half insane by now with the desire to touch himself. His hard-on pounded in time with his ears as the Doctor slipped into him again and again, throwing sparks of tension all through him.

"Jamie, Jamie," the Doctor mumbled, half to himself. How had he come to be so lucky? Jamie was so wonderful, and felt so right. It was as though Jamie's love was his present from the universe, something to make up for all the bad days, with their endless monsters.

Jamie was calling his name, well, his name these days anyway. He loved to hear it. The name he'd chosen, from the boy who'd chosen him. The heat from that young human body was seeping into him, building him up to a height of energy and pure, driving pleasure. And all that was reflected in Jamie's burning black eyes.

Almost too late, the Doctor remembered the plan. "Oh! Zoe!!"

She slipped up beside them, whispered in Jamie's ear.

"You may touch yourself, Jamie McCrimmon."

Jamie's hand shot from the bedpost to his hot and begging cock, quick as a snake. One perfect stroke, two, four, and he was off, arching hard back into the bed, shooting himself square in the chest with a shameless cry of pure release.

The Doctor was undone by the sight, the cry. He slammed hard into Jamie, bending him fiercely, and the rush overtook him, and he was coming and coming and coming into the boy's irresistibly lascivious body, submerged in fathoms of pleasure. He could see the glimmer of Jamie's consciousness, and of Zoe's, buffeted by the shockwaves of his feelings. He heard Zoe gasp softly. Beneath him, Jamie shuddered and moaned, mussing his hair as he ground his head into the pillows.

The Time Lord surfaced slowly, just as Jamie was trying to untangle his legs. They got themselves extricated from one another while Zoe climbed back onto the bed. Jamie slipped out of his shirt, threw it to the floor, and stretched out his legs with a satisfied sigh. The Doctor slumped happily down onto his stomach beside the boy, catching his breath.

"You were magnificent," Zoe told him in hushed tones.

"I feel one hundred years old," he smiled back at her, sleepily. She chuckled under her breath.

"He's asleep, isn't he?" she whispered.

"Och, I'm no asleep, but I would be if you'd hush."

Zoe reached out and smoothed his hair. "Now aren't you glad I tie such good knots?"

"Aye." He peered at her through a half-open eye. "I'll have to show y' mine sometime."